

The



Cheer

"For St. Joe

and Success"

VOL. XVII.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1925.

No. 12

NOTED POLISH VIOLINIST TO APPEAR IN FINAL NUMBER

The final lyceum number of the winter is billed for next Tuesday evening when Irene Stolofsky and her company will appear in our auditorium.

Miss Stolofsky is of Polish descent and a native of Chicago. Her professional career covers a space of less than ten years, but in that short time she has given numerous concerts in our metropolitan cities. These concerts received unstinted praise from the various critics. Her playing, it is said, is much like a man's in its strength and virility, but her art puts into her renditions the delicacy that only a woman can attain.

Appearing with Miss Stolofsky are a popular concert baritone, and Miss Magdalen Massmann, a capable piano soloist and accompanist, also a product of American musical schools.

ST. JOE BALL TOSSERS WATCH BOILERMAKERS

Last Monday evening Coach Radican's St. Joe basketball team went down to Lafayette and saw Purdue defeat Illinois, 34-18. Fritz Wellman, former St. Joe athlete and now Captain of the Purdue team, rewarded his admirers by playing a sterling game.

St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome, can accommodate 54,000 worshippers.

John Tyler was the first President not born a British subject.

It was "Hell and Maria" Dawes all right, but not much Maria.

The Basketball Edition will make a fine addition to your scrap book. Order now.

NEWMANS PRESENT VERY INTERESTING PROGRAM

The Newman Club met in the Raleigh Club rooms Sunday morning, March 1, to witness the first private program of the year. In the course of the meeting the following gave readings: Cornelius Herringhaus, "Narrowness;" Eugene Pohlman, "School Days;" Thomas Medland, "Somebody's Mother;" James Navarre, "The Father of the Man;" Paul Hummel, "Katrina Sees a Football Game;" Frank Denk, "When the Frost is on the Pumpkin;" Charles Ryan, "Natural Perversities;" Henry Ward, "Dr. Dopin's Famous Curo Salve;" James Schukert, "Man and the Mosquito;" Paul Forche, "A Roman Ball Game;" Louis Wurzer, "Tom's Views on Aunts;" Charles Passafume, "The Last Leaf;" Werner Fromm, "The 9:15 P. M."

In connection with the program a brief business meeting was conducted. Father Maurice, in the course of his remarks, highly complimented the participants on their splendid work. He then called for volunteers for the next program. As the position of Marshal was vacant the Chair appointed Nicholas Bonfiglio to fill the vacancy.

SAINTS BEAT AMERICAN COLLEGE PHY. ED., 39-14

The American College of Physical Education, Chicago, sent a squad of powerful, muscular athletes to Collegeville a week ago Tuesday evening to engage the St. Joe cage artists on the local hardwood. The prospective calisthenic teachers proved to be master-dribblers but poor marksmen, and the Saints, displaying good form throughout the struggle, experienced little difficulty in defeating the Chicago outfit 39 to 14.

Both teams maintained a strong defense during the entire game, but Hoffman, the St. Joe "battering

NEXT EDITION OF THE CHEER TO BE BASKETBALL NUMBER

The next edition of the Cheer will be the annual basketball number. In the last few years this number has come to be very popular and the staff hopes to make the 1925 edition the best ever. There will be sixteen pages full of basketball. Pictures—individuals and group—of the varsity and the season's record. In a word the season will be reviewed from every angle. If possible the various all-league teams will appear.

Surely every student will want at least one extra copy of this edition to send to a friend. These extra copies, however, must be ordered beforehand, for no extra copies will be available after this edition is out. The price of these copies will be twenty-five cents apiece. So order now and help us make this next Cheer a big success.

CHARLES R. TAGGART ENTERTAINS STUDENTS

Charles Ross Taggart, "The Man from Vermont," was the attraction at the College Auditorium Wednesday evening, February 25. He gave a varied program consisting of fiddle and piano selections, and short humorous readings.

ram," repeatedly smashed his way through the Chicago guarding combination, bowling over the guards and shooting baskets despite the best and combined efforts of Flood and Erickson. While the local captain was shattering the visiting defense, Klocker and Byrne kept steadily bombarding the enemy basket with such good results that St. Joe ultimately finished with a 25-point margin.

Both squads played a careful

(Continued on Page 6)

SENIOR LEAGUE

HIGH SPOTS

STANDING

	Won	Lost
Thirde	7	0
Fourth	5	2
Senior	3	3
Second	2	5
First	0	7

League enthusiasm reached its season peak a week ago Friday when, the Thirde and Fourth clashed to determine once and for all which team would cop the bunting. The game was a battle-royal from start to finish with the Fourth leading most of the way. Two free throws and a field goal during the last three minutes of play gave the Junior a hard earned two-point victory, the final count being: Thirde, 11; Fourth, 9.

The Thirde are still on the top of the pile and one more game will complete their schedule. If they win over the Senior they will have finished the season with a percentage of 1.000, which entitles them to the much coveted penant.

According to the present outlook the Fourth will finish the season in second place. Their last game resulted in a 19 to 18 victory over the Second. Two five-minute overtime periods were necessary before the knotted count was finally broken. A record-breaking leap by Beckman, who blocked the shot just before the ball hit the ring, deprived the Soph of a winning counter, while a field goal by Krill gave the Fourth the final one-point decision.

For a scrappy, hard-working "quint," the Second sure do take the medal. A week ago Wednesday these little "speed-demons" trounced the Senior 16 to 9 in a hard battle. Backman, Snyder and Medland were the offensive stars, while Leo Dirrig and Modrijhan did splendid guarding. Keep coming Second, there's still a chance to upset the dope!

The Senior are still holding third place in the loop. The Southside boys are being carefully groomed for the coming Senior-Junior fracas which may result in a set-back for the Thirde. We seem to recollect that the Senior proved stumbling-blocks once before.

That Senior-Freshman "party" was a heart-breaker for the First. They held the upper-classmen to a 31 to 26 victory. The game was stubbornly fought too, and the boys from

the lower-studyhall nearly evened-up matters during the second half. Hoban and Petit were the scoring "aces" for the Senior, while Barth, Klimek and Lienesch did the heavy offensive work for the Freshmen.

WITH THE JUNIOR

DRIBBLERS

STANDING

	Won	Lost
Pretzel Wrestlers	4	1
Falcons	4	1
Blue Moons	4	1
Five Mules	1	3
S. O. S.	1	3
Bush Wakers	0	4

Last Sunday the Falcons clawed the Pretzel Wrestlers into submission by beating the "muscle-bound guys" 28-14, and thus made a triple tie in the circuit. Hnat, Mitchel and Denka featured in the victory by heavy scoring and all-round good work. Captain Ryan and Hendricks starred for the losers.

The Blue Moons are climbing rapidly. They scorched the Falcon's wings last week 16 to 14 and the indications are that they will make both the Pretzel Wrestlers and Falcons step lively to win the flag.

The Pretzel Wrestlers staged a spectacular "tug of war" with the Five Mules on February 4th. At the end of the first period the result was still doubtful as the "muscle-bound" Wrestlers and the "sure-footed" Mules had tied the score 8-8. The Wrestlers, however, managed to win the second "fall" and the final score was Pretzel Wrestlers 26; Five Mules 18.

Capt. C. Ryan is the high-point man of the Junior loop, having collected a total of 29 points. He is piloting the Pretzel Wrestlers. Hendrichs, another "Wrestler" follows with 23 points. These two athletes, together with Romweber, are doing the heavy work for the Wrestlers.

The Falcons have a wonderful scoring combination in Capt. Mitchell, Denka, and Hnat. Determan, Mag-sam, and McGarth are doing some neat guarding. These "birds" were off to a flying start early in the season, and their chances for the bunting look pretty brilliant, unless some team should "clip their wings" during the home stretch.

Capt. Tom Casserly leads the Blue Moons in two ways. He is not only "boss" but high pointgetter. So far "Bull" has tossed 19 points. Brnier

is another "moon", and Walters is going nicely. Keep together, gang, your chances are still good.

The S. O. S.'s (sink or swim, we imagine), have been compelled to do a little sinking thus far this season, but Capt. Hans, Partee and Riley are working hard to keep their "heads above water." Keep trying fellows, we know you'd spurn water-wings.

The Five Mules and Bushwhackers so far are fighting for cellar honors, but things may change before the teams swing into the home stretch. Hoying, Pohlman, and Mattingly are the leading Bushwhackers, and they have given their opponents a run for the money anyhow.

The Five Mules sure have a "kick" coming when they consider how persistently the goddess of victory passes them up. Capt. Gleason, Ameling, Shill and Dapson (ex-football star), are likely to prove "dangerous steppers" on the last lap. All four have been doing good work so far and a continuation of it is certain to result in a "turn in their lane."

WITH THE ACADEMICS

STANDING

	Won	Lost
Flivvers	5	1
Doo Dads	5	1
Slickers	5	1
Flashes	3	3
R. A. B's	3	3
Skippers	1	5
Puzzlers	1	5
Plutoes	1	5

The Flivvers, Doo Dads, and Slickers are tied for first place in the Academic circuit. The Flivvers jumped into the race last Saturday when they bumped off the Doo Dads 9 to 5 in a fast and furious encounter. The Doo Dads have been warming the high-chair alone for quite awhile and no doubt the Flivs will find the place comfortable and cozy now that three are sharing quarters.

P. Higi was the chief point grabber for the winners, and Ranley and Kramps were not far behind. Munning scored all five points for the Doo Dads. Brennan, Mathew and Coyne played well, but the "Flivs" had the Indian sign on them.

It would be a shame not to mention the Skippers, named after their illustrious back guard, Joe Sirvoy. Joe's five seems unable to hit their stride but once they get in motion they may cause some upsets.

ISIDORE PAULUS WRITES FOR THE ALUMNI COLUMN

Canisianum,
Innsbruck, Austria,
The "semper lentus" member of the class of '24 has at last come to the conclusion that he can now fulfill his duty to the Alumni Column without risking his valued reputation for never being prompt at anything but meals. Since my belief is, "better late than never," I tardily extend an exile's heartiest greetings to my fellow Alumni, to my classmates of '24, to the Reverend Faculty, to the Cheer Staff, to the students, in a word, to all connected with my Alma Mater.

Though we who have departed from St. Joe may be thousands of miles away from our school and each other, in spirit we are as near and closely united as in the days when we heard Monk expound heresy coram F. Justin, or observed the principal differences between Roach's and Hagstrom's methods of studying during the school year. No longer do we hear that much maligned hand-bell interrupt our slumbers, but its 'melodious' accents are carefully stored away in memory's treasure house. Gone are the days of "Sheephead" and 'Yea Butch!' But can we ever forget them.

To speak of the present, I have been in Innsbruck since November 14. Many and varied have been my experiences in this picturesque city of 40,000 population, which is situated in the level Inn river valley. On all sides, Innsbruck is guarded (or threatened) by the Tyrolian Alps. One is never out of a mountain's sight here, and all I have to do as I write this is to raise my eyes and I see Hungerburg, a mountain village with the Alps towering over it in all their snowy, rocky glory.

Besides the native Tyrolians, the principal other inhabitants of Innsbruck are clergymen and that faithful domestic friend of ours, the dog. Austria, though now a poor country, tries to impoverish herself still more by supporting at least three dogs per family. The clerical students here are from the entire Catholic world, and one soon makes many international acquaintances or alliances. The styles and colors of the various order habits are in themselves interesting objects of study, representing as they do the desperate attempt of each order to find a distinctive garb.

We Americans (there are twenty-two of us) are more than content to wear black cassock and cape, and on special occasions to carry also a

walking stick. It is a serious breach of European customs of clerical propriety to appear even in a corridor without coat or cassock.

Undoubtedly, many Alumni, Professors, and students remember Anthony Wolfe, familiarly called Lupus, of the Cincinnati diocese and a distinguished Alumnus. He studied here for a year and a half, after which he was forced to forsake his studies for the lot of a victim to tuberculosis of the stomach. He is now at Davos, Switzerland, with little or no hope for his recovery.

The "Collegium Canisianum" is a palatial structure which houses the majority of the religious students at the University. Its appointments and comforts compare favorably, I believe, with those of the best seminaries. It is in charge of the Jesuit Fathers, who also compose the 'Theologische Fakultät.' The daily order is a strenuous one, calling for surgitur at 5:00 A. M., a routine still more strenuous for Americans because of the strange and, at first, almost indigestible foods served here.

The University itself is another large group of buildings at a distance of about one-half hour's walk. On wet days Innsbruck's ever dirty streets are very muddy and sticky, an especially bothersome circumstance to the wearer of a cassock. The lectures are delivered in true European University style. You walk in, sit down and listen to the professor-author's measured reading of his book for forty-five minutes. During the first few months one's knowledge derived from these lectures is at times scant. The exams are oral; they take place only once or twice a year, but it is then very advisable to have the gist of the entire book at one's finger tips. It is difficult to get the doctorate here, the ordinary time required being from two and a half to three years of ceaseless study.

Little do we realize the important cog St. Joe has put into the mechanism of our lives and destinies until time and distance separate us by physical barriers from our Alma Mater. The benefits, the privileges, the worth and the freedom of St. Joe education and spirit, can be truly appreciated only by those who no longer have them. St. Joseph's, we Alumni salute thee; may we never forget those wonderful years spent under thy guidance—years which have passed all too soon into the book of Father Time.

The Basketball Number of the Cheer is just the thing to send to that friend back home and show him what a great team old St. Joe has,

MIDGET COMPETITION

STANDING

	Won	Lost
Flying Dutchmen	4	1
Sinkers	4	1
Fighting Irish	2	3
Tip Tops	0	5

With each team holding one victory over the other, the Sinkers and the Flying Dutchmen are still tied for first place in the Midget division. If neither outfit loses its next game, they will be forced to clash again in order to determine which squad gets the pennant. We'll bet real coin that the game will be a thriller, so be on deck gang, 'cause it ought to be worth seeing!

The Fighting Irish showed some real "spunk" when they met the Sinkers last week. Although the "Micks" lost 25 to 17, the score is a clear indication of the intensity of the struggle, and the Sinkers certainly deserve credit for the victory because they had to fight mighty hard for it.

R. Hummel, Hackman, and Molitor were the heavy point getters for the Sinkers. J. Reichlin and Grot did excellent guarding. Hummel, with 36 points, is still leading the league while Hackman, his running-mate, is holding third place with 26.

For the "Battling Micks" Ochwat was high point man, in fact, he holds second place in the league with 33 points to his credit. Reardon, Cummings, and Gallivan also played good basketball.

While the Tip Tops showed better form than usual, the Flying Dutchment had little difficulty in winning a 17 to 5 victory from them last week. Kramer, Shannon, Eilerman, and Korecz were the big "lights" for the "Woodenshoes." Blackburn, Ossege, and Captain Wiest starred for the losers. Do your stuff, Tip Tops—we would like to see you cop your last game.

What Am I?

My mouth is larger than my head;
And much discharges, though never fed;

I have no feet, yet swiftly run;
The more falls I get, the faster I run.

Answer:—A river.

—Purple and White.

Don't say there is a spot in the sun when it's just a speck on your nose,

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EDITORIALS

A COMPLIMENT

The Rensselaer Republican in a recent editorial, entitled "Good Manners—We Need More of Them" paid the St. Joe student body a nice compliment and for the sake of those who failed to see it we are reprinting the editorial here:

"The other night we attended a game of basket ball at St. Joseph's college and despite the stress of excitement occasioned by a thrilling game we could not help but observe something about the student body of St. Joseph's college that left an impress and belied the statement that college students are rude and thoughtless, especially when attending an athletic contest in mass formation. We do not refer to their attitude toward the visiting team nor to any part of the athletic contest in which they were so deeply interested. Their deportment in that respect was above reproach in every manner but that which impressed us the most was their deportment among themselves, as student to student.

The seating capacity of the gymnasium is small and when the evening classes were out the students made a rush for the gym to get the best points of vantage. It was a race to the building but once inside there was no pushing or jostling and no scuffling. The student who reached a certain choice point along the rail was not forced to fight to hold his position. It was his for the evening without further contest. During the recess between the halves many of the students left their seats and were gone for several minutes. Did the students standing several rows back of these seats rush forward to take them? They did not. They respected the rights of their fellow students.

St. Joseph's college teaches something besides book knowledge. The institution has a student body of which it may be proud."

REALISM IN PRESENT DAY LITERATURE

Realism of the most offending nature is permeating the literature of the present day. We see this tendency exemplified wherever literary forms are in use. The novel, the short story, and the drama are all characterized by a degree of realism that is unethical, to say the least. Today the writer or playwright thinks that unless he dips his pen into the sink of depraved human passions his work will be doomed to oblivion; and he thinks rightly. For the more ignorant class of society revels in this display of weakness on the part of their fellow men and allow their jaded emotions a thrill by perusing such rot.

That realism of this variety will never rank high in the realm of true literature is evident from the manner in which Smollett and Sterne are now regarded, because of the same tendency. Realism, it is true, often is very picturesque, but is it always edifying? A work to be regarded as true art must possess a certain amount of the ideal. We like realism, but not realism of the kind found in some of the cheap magazines and novels of today.

A regrettable fact it is, that this Canadian thistle has raised its head in our literature. Now that we have it, however, the question is how can we eradicate it? There is more at stake that is at first evident. Such a tendency brings down the standard of all literature, and the similar influence works irreparable evil on the reading public by perverting its taste. Something must be done.

Now is the time to step in and drive the monster from our midst. We must remove the craving for this nonsensical, sentimental trash; and once the desire is removed the supply will stop. We have any number of reliable authors to read. Let us not contaminate our good taste and waste our time with writers whose only appeal is realism.

THE MISSIONARY

There is something about a great hero that grips the very soul of humanity. When we hear of a man undergoing hardships and pains and finally emerging victorious, we experience a rapturous thrill. We honor many great men, yet in this mad rush to pay homage to the world's demi-gods we forget a class of men more heroic, more sacrificing than these heroes whose only claim to greatness is achievement of worldly deeds. These men of whom we hear

so little are the crusaders of the cross—the Catholic missionaries.

Little do we know the meaning of sacrifice, living in this modern age so saturated with luxury and ease. But consider the missionary. Perhaps he is a man of great talent and brilliancy; his future is painted in rosy hues yet he answers the call and leaves everything to follow in his Master's footsteps. Home, relatives, friends and everything he holds most dear to him he leaves behind as he sets out on his journey where hardships and sacrifice will continually arise to block his path. And all this he does out of a motive more higher than the desire for worldly fame. He fights his battles alone, save for the assistance of God Almighty.

Consider the great achievements of the noble Marquette, Joliet, and Jogues in America. The missionary blazed the trail for civilization and his worth is immeasurable in mere worldly glory. Think of the brave men who this very day penetrate into the wilds of Africa and India in an effort to reclaim souls for Jesus Christ. They live, suffer and die in obscurity yet their lives contain more beauty and inspiration than the greatest celebrities in the world.

Costly shafts of stone and marble climb heavenward to perpetuate the names of our famous men. Tablets of gold and silver recount their deeds for future generations. The poet gains immortality through his literary creations. But the missionary receives no such mental rewards. His chief claim to greatness lies in his humble service to God and humanity.

O MATER DULCIS

In Nazareth I'd peep some day,
To learn your rare unwonted way
To watch you with your boy at play
Dulce ridentem.

At eve I'd love to linger too,
Hearing old mysteries made new,
To learn true pondering from you
Dulce dolentem?

And dare I ask that it might be
My grace to feel awake in me
That love which held thee by the tree,
Dulce dolentem.

—S. G. in "America."

He: "I'd like to offer you a cigarette, but—"

She: "Don't bother. I never smoke cigarette butts."

We know a guy who is so hard that he uses thumb tacks for garters,

FOURTHS NEWSY NOTES

C. L. GLEASON, Editor

H. KAHLE Associates J. QUINN

The Fourth Class Club spent a lively afternoon last Sunday in the Raleigh Jolly club room. A short meeting followed with readings by Albert Gluckert, Charles Gleason, Martin Kenny, Joseph Reardon, Oscar Sieben and Joseph Sirovy, preceeded the lunch proper which was served at four P. M. At various intervals, Louis Brohman and Paul Gietl obliged with some well rendered musical selections.

The luncheon was excellently well appointed and the service of Daniel Castello and his assistants was of a very high calibre. The dessert consisted of ice cream and cake which was followed by coffee and smokes. The excellent conduct of all those present was very commendable and shows that the Fourth Class Club is an organization of real gentle-he-men.

Our President, Frederick Westendorf, unfortunately was confined to bed Sunday morning as the result of a severe cold. Daniel Boone, Vice President, presided at the meeting in his place and acquitted himself very capably.

James Quinn, our brilliant young classmate, is striving to become a successful electrical engineer via correspondence course. Keep up the spirit, James, "L. L. Cook" has a bright future in store for you!

As director of the Kenney-Mittendorf-Gruse-Pulskamp snoring quartet Daniel Castello has missed a considerable amount of sleep lately trying to keep the boys in tune. Perhaps an assistant during the midnight rush hour would be greatly appreciated.

Little Joe Sirovy has introduced a new daily dozen which he performs in the refectory. Before eating breakfast each morning he circles the table several times in rapid pursuit of the vanishing coffee pot.

NIGHT

Her eyes are stars
In music bound:
Her song,—the folded
Wings of sound.

Her cloak is darkness;
Eve and Morn
With living lights
Its hem adorn.

She speaks—O hush!
Her story lies,
A fairyland
To dreaming eyes.

She walks on air,
And from her hair
Shakes out the pearls
The lilies wear.

Or, perchance
These are but tears
She pressed from eyes
By cruel fears!

Could I but feel
Her breath on me,
And ask her:
"Is there heart in thee?"

I cannot see her
Smile nor weep;
Her spells my soul
In thralldom keep.

I reach:—she flies,
Her mantel torn:
Within my grasp
The smiling Morn.
—James Borgmeier.

RALSTON? Most certainly! And as usual right up-to-the-moment in style. Better come in early and look them over : : : :

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**SAINTS BEAT AMERICAN
COLLEGE PHY. ED., 39-14**
(Continued from page 1)

guarding game during the initial period with the result that neither side scored until after the first five minutes of play. Byrne broke the spell, however, when he dropped in a field goal for St. Joe. Hoffman followed shortly afterward. Walle scored Chicago's first basket, and when the count stood "St. Joe, 7; American College, 4," the visitors called time out. The fresh start speeded up the play still more. The Chicago lads exhibited good floor-work, neat dribbling and accurate passwork, but their shooting was inaccurate, the ball frequently missing the ring by several feet. Score at half: St. Joe, 14; American College, 8.

The Red and Purple machine quickly smothered the visitors' attempted rally at the start of the second period, St. Joe scoring eight points while American College registered but two. The Chicagoans called a fourth time-out and Trickle replaced Flood, Koors, Boone,

and Ameling substituted for Byrne, Klocker, Hoffman, and Boone, starting with a rush, sank the Saints' final basket just as the gun ended the evening's entertainment. Final score: St. Joe, 39; American College, 14.

St. Joe (39)

	B.	F.	P.	T.
Byrne, rf	2	5	0	0
Koors, rf	0	0	1	0
Klocker, lf	4	2	0	0
Boone, lf	1	0	0	0
Hoffman, (Capt.) c	8	0	3	0
Ameling, c	0	0	0	0
Achberger, rg	0	2	2	0
Scheidler, lg	0	0	3	0
Schmelzer, lg	0	0	0	0
	15	9	9	0

A. C. P. E. (14)

	B.	F.	P.	T.
Pollcock, rf	1	2	2	0
Mesko, rf	0	1	0	0
Ellis, lf	0	0	1	0
Walle, C., c	1	2	0	0
Flood, (Capt.) rg	0	0	2	0
Trickle, rg	0	0	2	0
Erickson, lg	2	1	0	0
	4	6	7	0

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CHEERY CHOKES

Speaking of class leaders, we must not forget Dave Petitt, Albert Scheiber, and Clete Hipskind. They lead their respective classes to dinner every day.

Only one complaint on the last column of jokes, and that one was about Abie and the sentence. Come around sometime when we are not so busy, Sub. and get it straight.

THE NEW COMPANY
The Allied Chemical Co.,
Hoban & Hoffman
Dealers in Old and Broken
Laboratory Apparatus

Since Reno, the magician, visited us we now have three ducks where before there were but two. How come?

Mother:—"Have you heard the latest?"
Father (despairingly): "Aint it asleep yet."

PUZZLE

When is a cuff button not a cuff button?
When it's lost. Then it's a cuss button.—Xaverian News.

Visitor: "How many students study here?"
Stude: "Oh, about one-third of them."

Keep smiling.

We have heard that Eddie Kotter thinks he is a detective because he ran down the steps last week.

Our idea of a sin that cries to heaven for vengeance, is a Catholic Jew eating a ham sandwich on a Friday.

A WERSE

I met a red-nosed feller
Evidently he'd been in a celiar.
Says I to this guy
Gimme a swig, says he, fie, fie.

ENCYCLOPEDIA COLLEGEVILLA

Ham—Jewish salmon.

Class Stones.

Freshman Emerald
Sophomore Blarney Stone
Junior Grindstone
Senior Tombstone
—The Olivia.

Out where the buttons seem
A little tighter;
Out where the buckle shines
A little brighter;
Out where the girth becomes
A little longer;
Out where the straining seems
A little stronger—
That's where the vest begins!
—Wendelette.

We rebuild 'em to look and wear like new.

The College Shoe Shop

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FEEDS OF ALL KINDS

The Clothing House of Wm. Traub

CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS
Priced to Get Customers Quality to Keep Them

Always lie in bed, but never sleep;
I often murmur, but never weep;

Remember the next Cheer. Sixteen pages full of basketball.

How about that extra copy of the next Cheer? Have you ordered your's yet?

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AND SCHOOL TRADE AND
CARRY A FULL LINE OF
THEIR SUPPLIES—

FENDIG'S
Rexall Drug Store

Rensselaer Republican
Fine Job Printing

ACADEMIC LEAGUE

Big 'Clet' Hipskind's R. A. B.'s—
We do not know what the letters
stand for—are making a mighty bid
for the flag and they will bear watch-
ing.

Frank Nichols of football fame is
playing one of the guards on the
Plutoes but thus far only one vic-
tory has come their way.

Andy Estadt the husky Third, who
has been playing a great game at
forward for the R. A. B.'s, has depart-
ed for his home. This will be a se-
vere blow to the team.

And in the cellar repose the Puz-
zlers and the big puzzles seems to
be, "when shall we win a game?"

Don't forget the pictures of that
great St. Joe team in the next
Cheer.

One hundred and fifty years ago
this month Patrick Henry said,
"Give me liberty, or give me death."

Cem. Prof.: "Who made the first
nitride in this country?"

De Shone (Mac): "Paul Revere."

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